

REVIVAL HYMNS.


REV. A. B. EARLE.


BOSTON:
JAMES H. EARLE,
NO. 11 CORNHILL.

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Seminary of the Theological Seminary,
PRINCETON, N. J.

Presented by **Frederick B. Hubbard.**

Division

Section

SCA
1474

REVIVAL HYMNS.

Chas. H. ...

COMPILED BY

✓
REV. A. B. EARLE.

72

REVISED EDITION.

BOSTON:
JAMES H. EARLE,
No. 11 CORNHILL.
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P R E F A C E

TO THE REVISED EDITION.



THE Hymns in this work are those which are sought and used in times of religious interest. The compiler long felt the need of a small collection of such hymns; so cheap that all could have them, and so familiar all could sing them; and for that reason prepared the original work. In this revised edition, some hymns have given place to others that seem to be of more value and power. Some of the best tunes adapted to such a work, have been added, — and the book made more convenient in size.

With the desire that God would greatly bless its use, the work is re-dedicated to all whose prayer is, “O Lord, revive thy work!”

A. B. EARLE.

NEWTON, MASS., November, 1872.



REVIVAL HYMNS.

1

8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us !
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted ;
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Lord, revive us !
All our help must come from thee.
- 3 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither ;
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
Oh, permit them not to wither ;
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, revive us !
All our help must come from thee.

2

C. M. TUNE, "I do Believe."

1 CAN any say, I do believe
 On God's belovéd Soñ,
 And trust my soul's salvation on
 What he in love hath done?

CHORUS. — Yes, I can say, I do believe
 On God's belovéd Son,
 And trust my soul's salvation on
 What he in love hath done?

2 Can any say, my soul is saved
 From judgment, death, and hell;
 That Christ is mine; that I ere long
 With him above shall dwell?

CHO. — Yes, I can say, my soul is saved, &c.

3 Can any say, my heart is fixed,
 Nor longer wants to roam
 'Mid scenes of vice and vanity,
 Where peace can never come?

CHO. — Yes, I can say my heart is fixed, &c.

3

C. M.

1 ALL that I *was* — my sin, my guilt,
 My death — was all my own:
 All that I *am*, I owe to thee,
 My gracious God, alone.

2 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
 All that I hope to be
 When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
 I owe it, Lord, to thee.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God his wrath forbear,
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

CHORUS. — God is love ! I know, I feel ;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still ;
 Jesus weeps, he weeps, and loves me still.

- 2 Now incline me to repent ;
 Let me now my sins lament ;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

CHO. — God is love ! I know, I feel ; &c.

- 1 I LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord ;
 I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God ;
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know ;
 But how much I love thee I never can show.
- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, oh, wondrous account !
 My joys are immortal ; I stand on the mount !
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
 With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest !
 My life and salvation, my joy and my rest !
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my
 song ;
 Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my
 tongue.

6

L. M.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound :
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord !
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

7

8s & 7s.

TUNE, "Fount."

- 1 JESUS sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- CHORUS. — I love Jesus ; he's my Saviour ;
I love Jesus, yes I do ;
I love Jesus ; he's my Saviour ;
Jesus smiles and loves me to.
- 2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee !

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes,
 The spices yield their rich perfumes,
 The lilies grow and thrive ;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine
 From Jesus flow to every vine,
 Which make the dead revive.
- 2 Oh, that this dry and barren ground
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become ;
 The desert blossoms as the rose,
 While Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.
- 3 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there ;
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

S. M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
 The wondering angels see ;
 Be thou astonished, oh, my soul !
 He shed those tears for thee.

10

L. M.

- 1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught ;
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light ;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode ;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God.

11

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth, oh, let me know
The love of Christ to me ;
Its conquering, quickening power bestow,
To set me wholly free.
- 2 I long to know the depth and height,
To scan its breadth and length ;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.
- 3 It is thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wondrous love ;
Oh, deepen on my heart thy seal,
And bless me from above.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

CHORUS. — I do believe, I now believe,
 That Jesus died for me;
 And through his blood, his precious blood,
 I shall from sin be free.

- 2 Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

- 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

- 1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears,
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

14

C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.
- 3 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?

15

TUNE, "Even Me."

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free;
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some droppings fall on me!
- CHORUS. — Even me, even me!
 Let some droppings fall on me!
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
 Let me live and cling to thee;
 For I'm longing for thy favor;
 Whilst thou art calling, oh, call me!
- CHO. — Even me, even me!
 Whilst thou art calling, oh, call me!

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the perfect cure;
 Save me Lord, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks — has knocked before;
 Has waited long — is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Admit him, ere his anger burn —
 His feet, departed, ne'er return;
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand
 You'll at HIS DOOR rejected stand.

18

L. M.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidst me come to thee, —
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 2 JUST as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 3 JUST as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe, —
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 4 JUST as I am, thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, —
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

19

C. M.

- 1 OH, FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
 He sets the prisoner free:
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

- 1 SHALL we gather at the river
 Where bright angel feet have trod,
 With its crystal tide forever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS. — Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river,
 Gather with the saints at the river
 That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
 Dashing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down ;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

C. M.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue ;
 "Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes :
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command ;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be, —
"Hinder me not ;" come, welcome death ;
I'll gladly go with thee.

22

L. M. TUNE, "Happy day."

1 O, HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS. — Happy day, happy day, &c.

2 'Tis done — the great transaction's done :
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

CHO. — Happy day, happy day, &c.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

CHO. — Happy day, happy day, &c.

4 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

CHO. — Happy day, happy day, &c.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount — I'm fixed upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love :
 Here's my heart ; Oh, take and seal it ;
 Seal it from thy courts above.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labors have an end
 In joy and peace and thee?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
- 3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end?
- 4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

25

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, I come with joy to do
 The Master's blessed will;
 My Lord in outward works pursue,
 And serve his pleasure still.
- 2 Rejoicing in my Lord's commands,
 I choose the better part,
 And serve with careful, busy hands,
 But peaceful, resting heart.
- 3 Oh, that the world the art might know
 Of living thus to thee,
 And find their heaven begun below,
 And here thy glory see.
- 4 Walking in all the works prepared
 To exercise their grace;
 They gain at last their full reward,
 And see thy glorious face.

26

L. M.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand !
 And shall we waste our ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw this inch of time away ?
- 2 For all an endless state there is
 Of woe extreme, or perfect bliss ;
 And swift as time fulfills its round,
 We to that final doom are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind
 Have left this fleeting world behind !
 All gone !—but where ? Ah, pause and see : —
 Gone to a long eternity !
- 4 Sinner ! canst thou forever dwell
 Amid the fiery deeps of hell ?
 Has death no warning sound for thee ?
 Oh, turn, and to the Saviour flee.

27

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name :
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Oh, that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall !
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee !
Nearer to thee !
- 2 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
- 3 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
- 4 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

1 OH, what shall I do to be saved?

Will you tell me, ye saints of the Lord?

For long have I sought it with tears;

But my weeping no rest can afford.

CHO. — Oh, I've sought it, I've sought it before,

But I've sought it, I've sought it in vain;

Yet I'll seek it, I'll seek it once more,

Firmly hoping salvation to gain.

2 Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

For my soul dies in anguish and pain!

Men and brethren, my last look to you, —

Hell beneath moves my soul soon to gain.

3 "Believe and repent," saith the Lord;

"Submit you to Christ," say the saints;

"'Twas thus," says the convert, "I found

Salvation from all my complaints."

1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,

Oh, could I sound the glories forth

Which in my Saviour shine,

I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,

And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,

In notes almost divine!

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,

My ransom from the dreadful guilt

Of sin and wrath divine:

I'd sing his glorious righteousness,

In which all perfect, heavenly dress

My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne :
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

31

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be, —
A mortal man ashamed of thee !
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! — that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! — yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then, — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

- 1 **STAY**, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite ;
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all who e'er thy grace received,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.
- 3 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great High Priest ;
 Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
 I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release ;
 Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
 Oh, guide me into perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

- 1 **ARISE**, my soul, arise ;
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears :
 Before the throne my Surety stands ;
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me :
 Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

- 3 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One :
 He can not turn away
 The presence of his Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconciled ;
 His pardoning voice I hear :
 He owns me for his child ;
 I can no longer fear :
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

34

L. M.

- 1 THIS is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not ;
 My grief, my burden long has been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 2 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 " Come hither, soul ; I am the way."
- 3 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,
 Wilt take me to thee as I am ;
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 4 Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, " Behold the way to God."

- 1 WHEN we hear the music ringing
 In the bright celestial dome,
 When sweet angel voices singing
 Gladly bid us welcome home,
 To the land of ancient story,
 Where the spirit knows no care ;
 In that land of light and glory,
 Shall we know each other there ?
- CHORUS. — Shall we know each other ?
 Shall we know each other ?
 Shall we know each other ?
 Shall we know each other there ?
- 2 When the holy angels meet us,
 As we go to join their band ;
 Shall we know the friends that greet us
 In the glorious spirit-land ?
 Shall we see the same eyes shining
 On us as in days of yore ?
 Shall we feel their dear arms twining
 Fondly round us as before ?

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known :
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place ;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.

- 3 If those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
The favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

37

C. M.

- 1 OH, for a closer walk with God ;
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 1 **THERE'S** a Friend above all others,
 Oh, how he loves!
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
 This day kind, to-morrow grieve us,
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us:
 Oh, how he loves!
- 2 **Blesséd** Jesus, wouldst thou know him?
 Oh, how he loves!
 Give thyself e'en this day to him,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
 Unbelief and trials tease thee,
 Jesus can from all release thee:
 Oh, how he loves!
- 3 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Backward all thy foes be driven,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
 Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
 Safe to glory he will guide thee:
 Oh, how he loves!

39 C. M.

- 1 **I HEARD** the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest:
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live.”

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul relieved,
And now I live in him.

40

10s.

1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;
Jesus our Saviour in mercy says, “ Come,”
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below ;
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before ;
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore ;
Singing, to cheer me through death’s chilling
gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear ;
Harps of the blesséd, your voices I hear ;
Rings with the harmony heaven’s high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

1 I LOVE to tell the story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story,
 Because I know it's true ;
 It satisfies my longings
 As nothing else would do.

CHORUS. — I love to tell the story,
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the old, old story,
 Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story ;
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story,
 It did so much for me !
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.

CHO. — I love to tell the story, &c.

3 I love to tell the story ;
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story,
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation,
 From God's own holy word.

CHO. — I love to tell the story, &c.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled!
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake.

- 1 IN the Christian's home in glory
 There remains a land of rest ;
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS. — There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you ;
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up a mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand ;
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.

CHO. — There is rest for the weary, &c.

- 3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter ;
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
 But in that celestial center
 I a crown of life shall wear,

CHO. — There is rest for the weary, &c.

- 1 I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the fountains are ever flowing.
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the glory is ever shining ;
I am longing, I am longing for the sight ;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 There's the city to which I journey ;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light,
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

45 7s & 6s. TUNE, "I want to be an angel."

1 WE all must speak for Jesus,
 Who hath redemption wrought,
 Who gave us peace and pardon,
 Which by his blood he bought.
We all must speak for Jesus,
 To show how much we owe
 To him who died to save us
 From death and endless woe.

2 We all must speak for Jesus,
 Where'er our lot may fall ;
 To brothers, sisters, neighbors,
 In cottage and in hall.
We all must speak for Jesus ;
 The world in darkness lies ;
 With him against the mighty
 Together we must rise.

- 1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O, my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone!
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, Oh Christ, art all I want;
 All and all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
 The call of love divine?
 Shall God with tenderness invite,
 And gain no thought of thine?

- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
 The Spirit from thy breast,
 Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
 With all thy sins oppressed?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
 Will hear the suppliant pray :
 To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
 Will wash thy guilt away.
- 5 But grace so dearly bought,
 If yet thou wilt despise,
 Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
 Will fill thee with surprise.

48

7s. TUNE, "Pleyel's Hymn."

- 1 HASTE, O sinner ! now be wise ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Wisdom, if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste ! and mercy now implore ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er,
 Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner ! now return ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, O sinner ! now be blest ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

- 1 YES, we part, but not forever ;
 Joyful hopes our bosoms swell ;
 They, who love the Saviour, never
 Know a long, a last farewell.

CHORUS. — We'll stem the storm ; it won't be long ;
 The heavenly port is nigh :
 We'll stem the storm ; it won't belong ;
 We'll anchor by and by.

- 2 Sweet this hour of benediction,
 When such unions come to mind,
 When each holy heart-conviction
 Tells of bliss for us designed.

- 3 What a morrow beams before us !
 Brighter far than tongue can tell !
 Glorious morrow to restore us
 Him with whom we long to dwell.

TUNE, "Jesus paid it all."

- 1 NOTHING, either great or small,
 Remains for me to do ;
 Jesus died and paid it all, —
 Yes, all the debt I owe ;

CHORUS. — Jesus paid it all,
 All the debt I owe ;
 Jesus died, and paid it all,
 "Yes, all the debt I owe.

- 2 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
 Alone by simple faith ;
 "Doing" is a deadly thing ;
 All "doing" ends in death.

3 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down, all at Jesus' feet ;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.

51 C. M. TUNE, "Shining Shore."

1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS. — For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over ;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home ;
For ever ! oh, for ever !

52 C. M.

1 STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain ;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

- 2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
To those who trust his love ;
And they who on his grace rely,
Shall sing his praise above.

53

8s & 7s.

- 1 I WILL follow thee, my Saviour,
Wheresoe'er my lot may be ;
Where thou goest I will follow,
Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee.

CHORUS. — I will follow thee, my Saviour ;
Thou didst shed thy blood for me ;
And tho' all men should forsake thee,
By thy grace I'll follow thee.

- 2 Though the road be rough and thorny,
Trackless as the foaming sea,
Thou hast trod this way before me.
And I gladly follow thee.
- 3 Though I meet with tribulations,
Sorely tempted though I be,
I remember thou wast tempted,
And rejoice to follow thee.
- 4 Though thou lead'st me through affliction,
Poor, forsaken though I be,
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.
- 5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,
Thou hast crossed its waves before me,
And I still will follow thee.

- 1 THE converts are gathering from near and
from far ;
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war ;
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and
long ;
We'll gird on our armor, and be marching
along.

CHORUS..

- Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along :
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and
long,
Then gird on the armor and be marching
along.
- 2 We've enlisted for life, and will camp on the
field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield ;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and
strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching
along.
- 3 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we
must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and
sin ;
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour while marching
along.

1 WE'RE travelling home to heaven above :
Will you go?

To sing the Saviour's dying love :
Will you go?

Millions have reached that blest abode ;
Anointed kings and priests to God ;
And millions more are on the road :
Will you go?

2 The way to heaven is straight and plain :
Will you go?

Repent, believe, be born again :
Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see :"
Will you go?

3 O, could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go ;"

O, could I hear him humbly pray,
"Make me go ;"

And all his old companions tell,
"I will not go with you to hell ;
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell :
Let me go."

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

57

8s & 7s. TUNE, "Shall we meet"

- 1 SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
- 2 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face!
- 3 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blesséd favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

58

7s.

TUNE, "Martyr."

- 1 MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood,
Issued from her weeping eyes.
- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

- 1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now ;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.
- 2 He will save you, &c.
- 3 Oh, believe him, &c.
- 4 He'll receive you, &c.
- 5 Flee to Jesus, &c.
- 6 He will hear you, &c.
- 7 He'll have mercy, &c.
- 8 He'll forgive you, &c.
- 9 He will cleanse you, &c.
- 10 Jesus loves you, &c.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness —
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

CHORUS. — Remember me, remember me;
 O Lord, remember me!
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And then remember me!

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

CHO. — Remember me, &c.

- 3 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do!

CHO. — Remember me, &c.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be.
 Perish every fond ambition;
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like them, untrue :
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me, —
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Perish earthly fame and treasure ;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In thy service pain is pleasure ;
With thy favor loss is gain :
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

63

C. M.

TUNE, " Maitland."

- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here !
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

- 1 FADE, fade each earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine !
 Break every tender tie,
 Jesus is mine !
 Dark is the wilderness,
 Earth has no resting-place,
 Jesus alone can bless,
 Jesus is mine !
- 2 Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine !
 Here would I ever stay,
 Jesus is mine !
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine !
- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine !
 Lost in this dawning light,
 Jesus is mine !
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine !

- 1 Nor all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the curséd tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

66

7s.

TUNE, "Devotion."

- 1 NAY, I can not let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow ;
 Do not turn away thy face ;
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
 Once a sinner, near despair,
 Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer :
 Mercy heard and set him free, —
 Lord, that mercy came to ME.
- 2 Many years have passed since then,
 Many changes have I seen,
 Yet have been upheld till now, —
 Who could hold me up but thou ?
 Nay, I must maintain my hold ;
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold
 I can no denial take
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
 Not far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day ;
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King !
 Loud let his praises ring
 For evermore.
- 2 Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand ?
 Why still delay ?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest evermore.
- 3 Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye ;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh, then, to glory run ;
 Be a crown and kingdom won ;
 And bright above the sun,
 Reign evermore.

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy guilty soul,
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control ?

- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice ;
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
Regard in time the warning kind ;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man ,
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be ;
Oh ! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

69

S. M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give !

4 Help me to watch and pray
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

70

C. M.

1 COME, weary sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve : —

2 “ I’ll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts ; I’ll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 “ I’ll prostrate lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I’ll tell him I’m a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 “ Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 “ I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.”

- 1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 That heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

- 1 'Tis religion that can give,
 In the light, in the light :
 Sweetest pleasure while we live,
 In the light of God.
- 'Tis religion must supply,
 In the light, in the light :
 Solid comfort when we die,
 In the light of God.

CHORUS. — Let us walk in the light,
 Walk in the light :
 Let us walk in the light,
 In the light of God.

2 After death its joys shall be.
In the light, in the light :
Lasting as eternity,
In the light of God.
Be the living God my friend,
In the light, in the light :
Then my bliss shall never end,
In the light of God.

CHO. — Let us walk, &c.

73

8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able,
He is willing ; doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous, —
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

- 1 OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
 We're homeward bound ;
 Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
 We're homeward bound :
 Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
 Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
 We're homeward bound.
- 2 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
 We're homeward bound ;
 Try to persuade them to enter our throng ;
 We're homeward bound :
 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
 Join in our number, oh, come and be blest ;
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest ;
 We're homeward bound.
- 3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
 We're home at last ;
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
 We're home at last :
 Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er ;
 We stand secure on the glorified shore ;
 Glory to God, we will shout evermore ;
 We're home at last.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 - On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord:
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

76

8s & 7s. TUNE, "Shining shore."

- 1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so sweet in heaven,
 The name, before his wondrous birth,
 To Christ, the Saviour, given.

CHORUS. — We love to sing around our King,
 And hail him blesséd Jesus;
 For there's no word ear ever heard
 So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

- 2 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 Forevermore must love him.
- 3 So now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know :
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?
- 2 Author of faith ! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
Oh, let me now receive that gift ;
My soul without it dies.
- 3 Surely, thou canst not let me die ;
Oh, speak, and I shall live ;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 4 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face ;
Now let me help thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name, —
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

79

S. M.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Father's voice,
 I would not be controlled ;
I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts, waste and wild ;
They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is ;
 'Twas he that loved my soul ;
'Twas he that washed me in his blood ;
 'Twas he that made me whole :
No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled ;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
 To call thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But can I bear the piercing thought, —
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 Prevent it, Lord, by thy rich grace;
 Be thou my soul's sure hiding-place,
 In this the accepted day;
 Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

TUNE, "Glory, glory, hallelujah."

- 1 SAY, brothers, will you meet us;
 Say, brothers, will you meet us;
 Say, brothers, will you meet us,
 On Canaan's happy shore?
- 2 By the grace of God we'll meet you;
 By the grace of God we'll meet you;
 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
 Where parting is no more.

Glory, glory, hallelujah ;
Glory, glory, hallelujah ;
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Forever, evermore.

82

7s & 6s.

- 1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon ;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store :
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is darkening
When man's work is o'er.

- 1 SOUND the battle-cry,
 See! the foe is nigh,
 Raise the standard high
 For the Lord ;
 Gird your armor on,
 Stand firm every one,
 Rest your cause upon
 His holy word.

CHORUS. — Rouse, then, soldiers !
 Rally round the banner !
 Ready, steady, pass the word along !
 Onward, forward, shout along Ho-
 sanna !
 Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

- 2 Strong to meet the foe,
 Marching on we go,
 While our cause we know
 Must prevail ;
 Shield and banner bright,
 Gleaming in the light,
 Battling for the right,
 We ne'er can fail.

CHO. — Rouse, then, soldiers, &c.

- 1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls ;
 Ye wanderers, come :
 Oh, ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam ?

- 2 To-day the Saviour calls ;
 Oh, hear him now ;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls ;
 For refuge fly :
 The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day ;
 Yield to its power :
 Oh, grieve him not away ;
 'Tis mercy's hour.

85

8s & 7s.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life and health and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend :
 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Still in faith and hope abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
- 2 Oh, how blesséd is the station,
 Low before the cross to lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 Beaming from his gracious eye :
 Here I'll sit forever, viewing
 Mercy streaming in his blood ;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

1 I'm glad salvation's free,
 And without price or cost,
 For had it been for me to buy,
 My soul must have been lost.

CHORUS. — I'm glad salvation's free,
 I'm glad salvation's free,
 Salvation's free for you and me,
 I'm glad salvation's free.

2 In this cold world below,
 With none to care for me,
 A pilgrim lone without a home —
 I'm glad salvation's free.

3 Once I was blind and lost ;
 Of sin and sorrow full ;
 But now I'm saved through Jesus' blood ;
 I feel it in my soul.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair ;
 Nor pain nor death can enter there :
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine ;

CHORUS. — I'm going home, I'm going home,
 I'm going home to die no more.
 To die no more, to die no more,
 I'm going home to die no more.

2 My father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky ;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

8 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

88

1 WHEN faint and weary toiling,
The sweat-drops on my brow,
I long to rest from labor,
To drop the burden now,
There comes a gentle chiding
To quell each mournful sigh :
“ Work while the day is shining,
There's resting by and by.”

CHORUS. — Resting by and by,
There's resting by and by ;
We shall not always labor,
We shall not always cry ;
The end is drawing nearer,
The end for which we sigh ;
We'll lay our heavy burdens down,
There's resting by and by.

2 Nor ask, when overburdened
You long for friendly aid,
“ Why idle stands my brother ;
No yoke upon him laid ? ”
The Master bids him tarry,
And dare you ask him why ?
“ Go, labor in my vineyard ;
There's resting by and by.”

- 1 OH, that bright celestial city,
 We have caught such radiant gleams
 Of its towers, like dazzling sunlight,
 With its sweet and peaceful streams.
- CHORUS. — We are waiting by the river,
 We are watching on the shore,
 Only waiting for the boatman ;
 Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
- 2 He has called for many a loved one ;
 We have seen them leave our side ;
 With our Saviour we shall meet them,
 When we too have crossed the tide.
- 3 Though the mist hangs o'er the river,
 And its billows loudly roar,
 Yet we hear the song of angels
 Wafted from the other shore.

6s & 4s.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour, divine !
 Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away ;
 Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire ;
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

91

S. M.

- 1 OH, sing to me of heaven,
 When I am called to die !
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
 To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS. — 'There'll be no sorrow there,
 There'll be no sorrow there ;
 In heaven above, where all is love,
 There'll be no sorrow there.

- 2 When the last moments come,
 Oh, watch my dying face,
 To catch the bright seraphic gleam
 Which o'er my features plays.
- 3 Then to my raptured ear
 Let one sweet song be given ;
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.
- 4 Then round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love ;
 And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above.

92

TUNE, " Angels hovering round."

- 1 THERE are angels hovering round,
 There are angels hovering round,
 There are angels, angels hovering round.
- 2 To carry the tidings home, &c.
- 3 To the new Jerusalem, &c.
- 4 That sinners are coming home, &c.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come, &c.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known.
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
 May I thy consolation share,
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize,
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him all creatures here below :
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Hcly Ghost.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray ;
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God ;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

- 1 STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
 Firm as a rock on ocean's strand ;
 Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
 Like raging floods around thy soul.

CHORUS. — Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand !
 Firm as a rock on ocean's strand ;
 Stand up, his righteous cause defend ;
 Stand up for Jesus, your best Friend.

- 2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
 Sound forth his name o'er sea and land ;
 Spread ye his glorious word abroad,
 Till all the world shall own him Lord.

CHO. — Stand up for Jesus, &c.

1 OH, how happy are they
 Who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above!
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
 I had found in the blood of the Lamb.
 When at first I believed,
 What true joy I received!
 What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name.

3 'Twas a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know;
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
 Welcome to this heart of mine:
 Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Every power and thought be thine;
 Thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages thine.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

REFRAIN. — On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

REF. — On Christ, the solid rock, &c.

- 3 When he shall come, with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in him be found,
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne !

REF. — On Christ, the solid rock, &c.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land:
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

- 1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
 To his gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon his word
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promised needful grace,
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

- 1 NOTHING but leaves ! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life ;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife
Nothing but leaves.
- 2 Nothing but leaves ! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain ;
We sow our seeds, lo ! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves.
- 3 Nothing but leaves ! sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past ;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last
Nothing but leaves.
- 4 Ah ! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves ?
Ah ! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves ?

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

CHORUS. — Oh, how I love Jesus!
 Oh, how I love Jesus!
 Oh, how I love Jesus!
 Because he first loved me.
 How can I forget thee?
 How can I forget thee, Lord?
 How can I forget thee?
 Dear Lord remember me.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 Oh, refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.

106 ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Words by Mrs. E. M. HALL.

Music by J. T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sa-voir say, Thy strength in-
 2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy blood, and
 3. For nothing good have I Where - by thy

deed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray;
 thine a - lone, Can change the lep - er's spots,
 grace to claim; I'll wash my garments white

CHORUS.

Find in me thine all in all. Je - sus paid it
 And melt the heart of stone.
 In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE. Concluded.

all; All to him I owe; Sin had left a

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics 'crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.' are positioned below the treble staff.

- 4 Then down beneath his cross
I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
For naught have I to bring,—
Thy grace must make me whole. —CHO.
- 5 And then complete in him,
My robe his righteousness,
Close sheltered 'neath his side,
I am divinely blest.— CHO.
- 6 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies. — CHO.
- 7 And when before the throne
I stand, in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down, at Jesus' feet. —CHO.

L. B E.

1. Oh! do not let the word de - part,

And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;

O sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart;

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT? Concluded.

ritard.

Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?

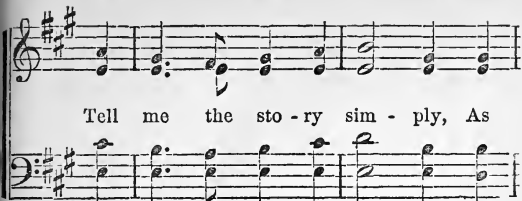
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless your long-deluded sight;
This is the time, Oh, then be wise,
Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?
- 3 Our God in mercy lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?
- 4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who will to him their souls unite;
Now let the work of grace begin,
Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of

unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his
D. S. For I am weak and

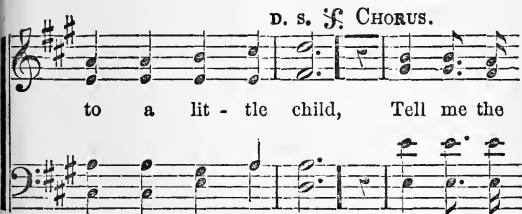
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.
wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.

THE OLD, OLD STORY. Continued.

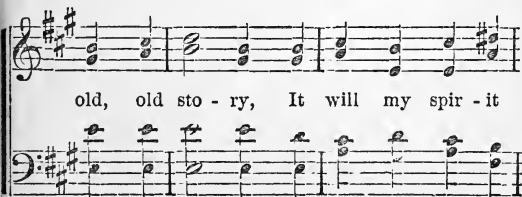


Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As

D. s. f CHORUS.



to a lit - tle child, Tell me the



old, old sto - ry, It will my spir - it

THE OLD, OLD STORY. Concluded.

move; Oh, tell me the old, old

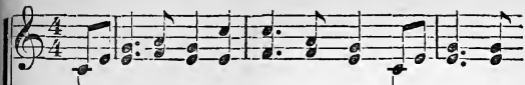
The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

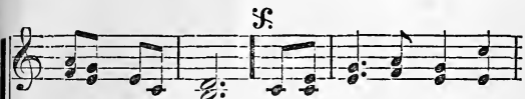
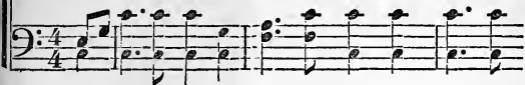
The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff melody continues with a quarter note F#4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The bass staff continues with accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Oh, yes, when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"

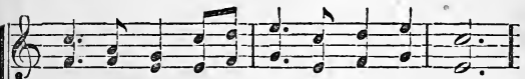
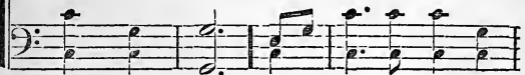
109 CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.



1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Im-

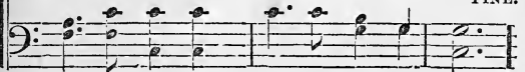


man - uel's veins, And sinners plung'd be-
D. C. And sinners plung'd be-



neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains,
neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

FINE.



CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. Concluded.

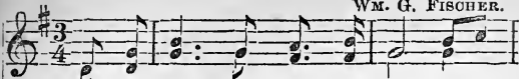
Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are: Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are: all their guilt - y stains, D. S. 

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

110 I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

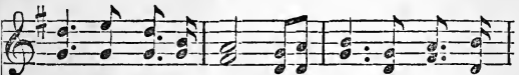
WM. G. FISHER.



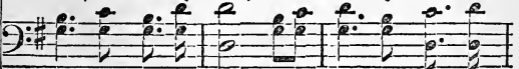
1. I am com - ing to the cross; I'm
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has
3. Here I give my all to Thee; Friends and



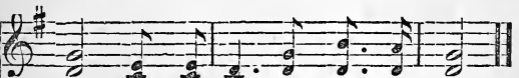
CHO.— I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear



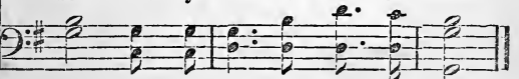
poor and weak and blind; I'm counting all but
e - vil reign'd within; Jesus sweetly speaks to
time, and earthly store; Soul and bod - y Thine to



Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly at thy cross I



dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
me, I will cleanse you from all sin.
be - Whol - ly Thine— for - ev - er more.



bow: Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

Lively.

T. C. O'KANE.

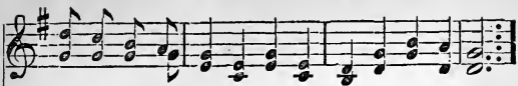
The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a double bar line and repeat sign. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

1 } Now I can read my ti- tle clear, ti- tle clear, Now
 { I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, ev-'ry fear, I'll
 2 } Should earth against my'soul engage, soul engage, Should
 { Yet I can smile at Satan's rage, Satan's rage, Yet
 3 } There I shall bathe my weary soul, weary soul, There
 { And not a wave of trouble roll, trouble roll, And

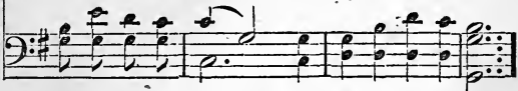
The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The upper staff in treble clef continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the lower staff in bass clef continues with its accompaniment.

I can read my title clear, title clear, Now I can
 bid farewell to ev'ry fear, ev'ry fear, I'll bid fare
 earth against my soul engage, soul engage, Should earth a-
 I can smile at Satan's rage, Satan's rage, Yet I can
 I shall bathe my weary soul, weary soul, There I shall
 not a wave of trouble roll, trouble roll, And not a

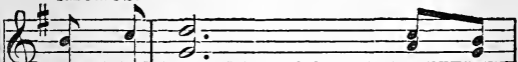
TITLE CLEAR. Continued.



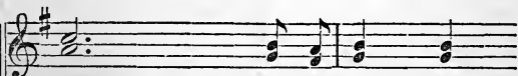
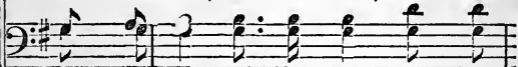
| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| read my ti - tle clear, | To mansions in the skies. } |
| well to ev - 'ry fear, | And wipe my weeping eyes. } |
| gainst my soul en - gage, | And fiery darts be hurl'd ; } |
| smile at Satan's rage, | And face a frowning world. } |
| bathe my wea - ry soul, | In seas of heavenly rest ; } |
| wave of trou - ble roll | Across my peaceful breast. } |



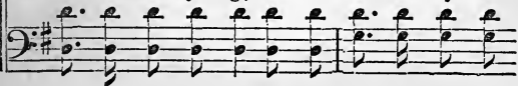
CHORUS.



| | | |
|----|------------------------------|---------|
| We | will stand | the |
| We | will stand, stand the storm, | It will |



| | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|------|
| storm, | We will an | chor |
| not be ver - y long ; | We will an - chor by and | |

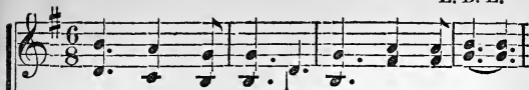


TITLE CLEAR. Concluded.

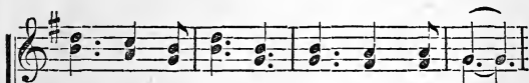
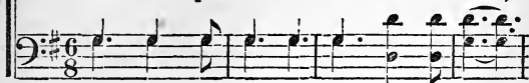
by and by, by and by, We will
by, We will an - chor by and by, We will

stand the storm, We will
stand, stand the storm; It will not be very long, We will

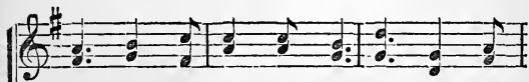
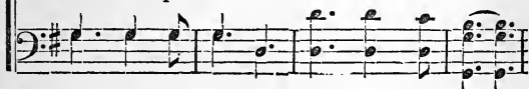
an - chor by and by.
an - chor by and by, by and by.



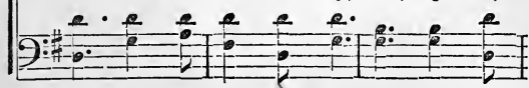
1. "Al- most per-sua- ded" now to be- lieve;



"Al- most per-sua- ded" Christ to re- ceive.



Seems now some soul to say, "Go, spir- it,



ALMOST PERSUADED. Concluded.

go thy way, Some more con-ve-nient

day On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wand'rer come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail.
Sad, sad, that bitter wail —
"Almost, but lost."

From Songs of Devotion.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross, There a precious
 2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy

fountain, Free to all, a healing stream,
 found me; There the bright and morning star,

CHORUS.

Flows from Calvary's mountain. In the cross,
 Shed its beams a-round me.

NEAR THE CROSS. Concluded.

in the cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er, Till my raptured

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains four measures of music, including a repeat sign in the first measure. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains four measures of music, including a repeat sign in the first measure. The lyrics 'in the cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er, Till my raptured' are positioned between the two staves.

soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv-er.

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. It contains four measures of music, including a repeat sign in the first measure. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains four measures of music, including a repeat sign in the first measure. The lyrics 'soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv-er.' are positioned between the two staves.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God!
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be-

side of the riv - er of light, Where the
 fore us the journey have trod, Of the
 O - ver there,

saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
 songs that they breathe on the air, In their

OVER THERE. Continued.

robed in their garments of white, O - ver there.
 home in the pal - ace of God, O - ver there.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh,
 O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh,

think of a home O - ver there, Over there, O - ver
 think of the friends O - ver there, Over there, O - ver

OVER THERE. Concluded.

there, O - ver there, O - ver there,
O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there,

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major, indicated by two sharps (F# and C#). The music is in 4/4 time. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a quarter note 'there,' followed by a dotted quarter note, and then a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Oh, think of a home o - ver there.
Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves in the same key and time signature as the first. The vocal line (treble clef) features a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) continues with a consistent eighth-note bass line and chords.

- 3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there,
My Saviour is now over there.
- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there.
I'll soon be at home over there.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I have enter'd the valley of blessing so sweet, And
 2. There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet, And
 3. There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet, Such as
 4. There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet, That

Jesus abides with me there; And His spir - it and
 plenty the land doth impart; And there's rest for the
 none but the blood-wash'd may feel; When hea-ven comes
 angels would fain join the strain, As with rap - tur - ous

blood make my cleansing complete, And his perfect love
 weary-worn trav-el-er's feet, And joy for the
 down redeemed spirits to greet, And Christ sets His
 praises we bow at his feet, Cry - ing, "Worthy the

VALLEY OF BLESSING. Concluded.

CHORUS.

casteth out fear. Oh come to this valley of blessing so
sorrowing heart.
covenant seal.
Lamb that was slain!"

sweet, Where Jesus will fullness bestow, And believe, and re-

ceive, and confess Him, That all His salvation may know.

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